CHINVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. 80

IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

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The Democrat.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Farewell to a Lady. Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers,
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word—Farew
The hour link bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet—O no, no, no!

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy swediness, Hies like a courser nigh the goal; To-morrow where shall be his festness, When thou are parted from my soul? Our hearts shall beat, our tears shal

flow But not together—no, no, no!

# JOHN'S TRIAL.

JUHN'S TRIAL.

Just where the Wilderness road of the Adirondack Highlands strikes the edges of the great Champlain valley, in a little clearing, is a lonely log house. On the 10th day of July, 1852, a muscular woman stood at the door of the house, overlooking the vast extent of the valley. From her stand point, ten miles of green forest swept down to the lake's winding shore.

The woman knew that these distant moving atoms were boats freighting lumber through Lake Champlain. She knew there was but one boat that would be likely to turn saide and come into the little bay, and that this boat would be her son John's aloop.

At about four o'clock, a young man and the dog came up the road and to the house. "Heighto, mother, all well?" was the man's greeting. The woman's greeting was only, "How do you do, John's hours passed away, and afterwapper, the neighbors who had seen

John?" Two hours passed away, and after supper, the neighbors who had seen John and the dog come up the road, dropped in for a talk with "the captain," as John was called by his friends. Soon the inquiry was made, "Where did you leave your Cousin William?" John had taken his cousin William, he lived upon the lake shore, with upon his last trip, and hence the

John did not answer the question recely. He seemed troubled and unrecely. He seemed troubled and unrecely about it. He finally acknowledged that he and William had not greed, and that high words and blows had passed between them, and added that his consin had finally left the beat and gone away in a hulf, he knew not where, but somewhere into the pineries. Canada. He declared, getting warm this recollections of the quarrel, that that care a darn! where Will are way.

Canada. He declared, getting warm his recollections of the quarrel, that way.

And passed away; it was Aurabay way.

And passed away; it was Aurabay way.

And passed away; it was Aurabay way.

And will did not return. But certain sinsays a ries came up the valley from Canada, and reached the dwellers along the Adirondack Wilderness road. No cousin William had been seen in the pineries; but just across the Canada line, at the mouth of Fish river, where the sloops were moored to receive their lading of timber, a bruissed, swoolen, festering corpse had risen and feated in the glare of a hot August day. The boatmen rescued it and buried it upon the shore. They described it as the body of a half vigorous young man, agreeing in the size, and appearance with care william.

It soon gre to be the current opinion upon the lake that Captain John had murdered his cousin William. The dwellers upon the Wilderness road also came by alow degrees, and unvillingly to the same conclusion. It was felt and said that John ought to be arrested.

Accordingly, on a dreary day in November, two officers from the county town twenty miles away down the lake where, came and climbed the steep road the lonely log-house, and arrested on. It was undoubtedly a dreadful law to the lonely log-house, and arrested on. It was undoubtedly a dreadful law to those two lonely people living and a seen, but there was no such thing. The officers testified that neither John nor his mother made any fuss about it. Ther was a alight twitching of the strong muscles of her face, as alse talked with the officers, but no other outward sign.

John gave more evidence of the

she talked with the officers, but no onivard sign.

John gave more evidence of the wound he felt. He was white and quivering, yet he silently, and without objection, wale ready to go with the officers. He was soon prepared, and they started. John, as he went out of the door, turned and said, "Good-by; it will all be made right, mother," She simply answered, "Yes, good-by; I simply answered, "Yes, good-by; I

ill all be made right, mother." She imply answered, "Lee, good-by, I mow it, my son."
The trio went on foot down the road ohe next house, where the officers had if their team. Jupiter, standing up ith hits fore paws upon the top of the ence, gazed wistfully after them. Then they passed around the bend of the road out of sight, Jupiter went into as house. The strong woman was there bout het work, as usual; but the heavy hars would now and then fall upon the ard pine floor. She knew that her own oy would spend the coming night in see county jall.

At twelve o clock of that chilly No-

the house. The strong woman was there about het work, as usual; but the heavy tears would now and then fall upon the hard pine floor. She know that her own boy would spend the coming night in the county jail.

At twelve o'clock of that chilly Nowember night, the woman and the dog went out of the house; ahe fastened the door, and then they went together down the dark mountain road, while the autumn winds swept dismally through the great wilderness, and the midnight voice of the pines mourned the dying year. The next day as noon, a very weary woman on foot, with a small bundle and a large dog, put up at the littic village hotel hard by the county jail.

Another day passed, and then the preliminary examination came on before a justice, to determine whether there was sufficient evidence to hold John in custody until a grand jury of the county of Oyer and Terminer.

The evidence again to spread the dayling your time, the control of the next of t

familiar to them, and reached the lonely log-house upon the mountain. Their neighbors were glad to see them back again, but were plain to say that "it appeared like as if John was diffed by his return, that the resources quilty." These dwellers in the solitude were accustomed to speak truly what they thought. John and his mother too spoke openly of this matter. It was they thought. John and his mother too spoke openly of this matter. It was only of showing affection and love that these people were sahamed and shy. They both admitted to their neighbors that the evidence was very strong, but John added quietly that he was not guilty, as if that settled the whole mat-ter.

guilty, as if that settled the whole matter.

But the voice of the people and a sense of justice would not let this crime rost. It came to be very generally known that a man guilty of murder was living near the shore of Lake Champlain numolested. Arrangements were effected by which it came to pass that the Canadian authorities made a formal application to the United States for the delivery of one John Wilson, believed to be guilty of the murder of his cousin William Wilson. And so again two officers, this time United States officials, climbed up to the little log-house upon the edge of the great valley. Through a drifting, blinging storm of snow they were piloted by a neighbor to the lonely house. They made known their errand, and in the course of half an hour the officers and their prisoner were out in the storm er route for the distant City of Montreal.

and their prisoner were out in the stormen route for the distant City of Montreal.

It was many days before the woman saw her son again. For four months John was imprisoned, awaiting his trial before the Canadian courts. Doubless those four months seemed long to the solitary woman. She had not much opportunity to indulge in melancholy-fancies; she spent much of her time in pulling brush and whood out of the snow and breaking it up with an ax, so as to adapt it to the size of her stove.

The neighbors tried to be kind, and often took commissions from her to the store and the grist-mill in the valley. "But after all," said Pete Searles, one of John's friends, in speaking of the matter afterward, "what could neighbors amount to, when the nearest of them lived a mile away, and all of them were plain to say that they believed she was the mother of a murderer?"

But the neighbors said the woman did not seem to mind the solitade and the rough work. Morning, noon, and night she was out in the snow or the storm at the little hovel of a barn back of the house, taking eare of two cows and a few sheep which were her's and John's. At other times travelers upon the Wilderness road would see her gaunt, angular figure clambering down a rocky ridge, dragging poles to the house to be cut up for fuel.

She received two letters from John in the course of the winter. The first told her that he was imprisoned, and awaiting his trial in Montreal, and the next one said that his trial has been set down for an early day in March.

This correspondence was all the information the mother had of her son; for the lake was frozen during the winter so that the boals did not run, and no news could come from Canada by without intelligence from John, it was without intelligence from John, it was without intelligence from John, it was

for the lake was rozen tunn, and no news could come from Canada by the boatmen.

When March came and passed away without intelligence from John, it was taken by the dwellers upon the lake shore and along the wilderness road as a sure indication that he had been convicted of the crime. A letter or newspaper announcing the fact was confidently looked for by the neighbors whenever they went to the distant post-office for their weekly mail.

As March went out, and spring days and sunshine came, it was noticed that the face of John's mother looked sharp and white, but she went about the same daily duties as before, without seeming to feel ill or weak.

On a plashy April day, full of sunshine, she stood on the rocky ridge back of the house, looking down upon the lake. A few early birds had come back and were twittering about the clearing. Although the anow still lingered in patches upon the highlands, the valley looked warm below, and the first boats of the season were dotting the wide, distant mirror of "old Champlain." A man came slowly up the muddy line of road, through the gate, and around the house; then first the woman saw him. A slight spamp passed over her face. There was a little pittini quiver of the muscles about the mouth, and them she walked alowly down the ridge to where the man stood. She struggled a little with herself before she said, "well, John, I am glad to see, you back."

John tried to be cool also, but nature was too much for him. He could not raise his eyes to hers, and his simple response, "Yes, mother," was choking: yuttered.

change, not yet apparent to other eyes, was clear to his vision. So it is that these silent spirits read each other.

As the warm weather advanced, the strong woman became weak; and as the June flowers began to bloom, she ceased to move about much, and sat the June flowers began to bloom, she ceased to move about much, and sat the most of each day in a chair by the open door. Johin managed the house and talked with his mother. Her mind changed with the relaxation of hex physical frame. She no longer strove to hide her tears, but, like a tired infant, would weep without restraint or concealment, as she told her son of the early loves and romance of her girlhood life in a warm valley of the West. He learned more of his mother's heart in those June days than he had surmised from all he had known of her before. And he understood what this predicted, He felt that the heart nearest his own was counting over the treasures of life ere it surrendered them forever.

There was no great scene when the woman died. It was at evening, just as the July fervors were coming on. She had wept much in the morning. As the day grew warm she became very weak and faint, and about noon was moved by her son from her chair to her bed, and so died as the sun went down.

John was alone in the house when she died. Since his return from Montreal, he had been made to feel that he had but one friend besides his mother. Only one neighbor had called upon him, and that was Pete Searles. He had ever proved true, But John did not like to trouble his one friend, who lifed two miles away, to come and stay with him during the night. So he shelf a little Bible and hymn-book that he and his mother had carried on an average about four times a year to a school-house used as a church, some six miles away, and so along with the dead he spent the hours in reading and tears and meditation.

In the morning he locked the door of his home and walked "over to Pete's." As he met his friend, he said in a clear voice, but with eyes averted, "She has gone, Pete—if you

where wild violets grew, she was laid to rest.

John spent the night following the funeral at Pete's house, then returned to his own home, and from that time his solttary life began. He took his cattle and his sheep over to Pete's, made all fast about his home, and resumed his boating upon Lake Champlain. He fully realized that he was a marked man. He was advised, it was said even by his own legal counsel, to leave the country, and to leave his name behind him; but no words influenced him. Firm and steady in his course, strictly temperate and just, he won respect where he could cot gain confidence.

The years rolled by. Captain John

won respect where he could cot gain confidence.

The years rolled by. Captain John still was a beatman, and still kept his home at the lonely log-house on the edge of the great valley. From each voyage he returned and spent a day and night alone at the old place; and it was noticed that a strong, high palling was built around his mether's grave; and a marble head stone was placed there, and other flowers graw with the wild violets. Even in winter, when there was no boating and he boarded down by the lake, he made many visits to the old homestead. His figure, which, though youthful, was now growing gaunt and thin as his mother's had been, was often seen by Pete at night-fall upon the top of a certain rocky ridge, standing out clear and sharp sgainst the cold him steel of the winter aky.

the men in a manner that seemed strangely cold and indifferent, about where William had been voyaging so long in distant seas, and of his strange absence. A quarter of an hour passed absence. A quarter of an hour passed away. The men proposed that John should go with them to their homes, and said there would be a gathering of friends there. They pressed the invitation with warouth, and such true feelings as our voices express when a dear friend has been greatly wronged, and we humbly seknowledge it.

John said absently, in reply, that he did not know. He looked uneasily around as if in search of something, perhaps his hat. He essayed to rise from his chair, but could not; and in a moment he fell back, saby pale, fainting and breathless. The men had not looked for this, but accustomed as tiest were to the rough life of the wilderness, they were not alarmed. They famed the fainting man with their straw has, and as soon as water could be found, applied it to his hands and face. He soon partially recovered, and folking up, said in a broken voice, "Give me time, boys." At this hint, the two old friends, who were now crying, stepped out of the door, and cousin William sat down out upon the door-step.

John found that a little time was not enough. He had traveled too long and far in that fearful desert of loneliness, easily or quickly to return. A nervous fever followed the shock he received, and for two months he did not leave the homestoad, and was confined to his bed. But the old house was not lonely. The men and women came, both his old friends and some newcomers, and tried to make up to him in some degree the love and sympathy he had so long missed. But for many days it was evident that their kindness pained and oppressed him.

"It appears like," said Pete, "that a rough word don't hurt him, but a kind one he can't stand." And this was true. His soul was fortified against hatred and contompt, but a kind ovice or a gentle caress seemed to wound him so that he would soo like an infant.

As he recovered from his ill

To cure dull times—apply an adver-tisement to the afflicted part.

A sign-board can't tell everything
It takes an advertisement to do that,

All who advertise do not get rich, bu precious few get rich without it.

precious few got rich without it.

The world is full of advertising, yet every one wants to see what is new.

The world's memory is short. It will forget you if you do not jog it frequently.

Early to bed and early to rise Will all be in vain if you don't adver-

tise. The world is sure to find out an hor est man; but it will find him out; great deal quicker if he advertises. Your advertisement is your representative. It need not be large or imposing, but should be honest and respectful.

A Story for Liquor Dealers.

A Story for Liquor Dealers.

The liquor dealers who have to listen to the prayers of the women have a consolation in the story as told by Dickens of Jerry Cruncher, the body matcher. We opine they took the prayers much as Jerry did. Dickens's story rms as follows:

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane, like a harlequin at home. At first he slept heavily, but by degrees began to roll and surge in bed, until the rose above the surface, with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheet to ribbons. At which juncture he exclaimed, in a voice of dire exapperation:

"Bust me, if she ain't at it sgain!"

he exclaimed, asperation; if she ain't at it again!" A woman of corterly and industrious appearance rose from her knees in a corner with sufficient haste and trepida-tion to show that she was the person

tion to show that she was the person referred to.

"What il" said Mr. Cruncher, looking out of bed for a boot. "You're at it agin, are you?"

After hailing the morn with this second salutation, he threw a boot at the woman as a third.

"What," said Mr. Cruncher, varying his spostrophe after missing his mark, "what are you up to, Aggerawayter?" "I was only asying my prayers."

"Saying your prayers! You are a nice woman if What do you mean by flooping yourself down and praying agin me?

"You would be to you mean by flooping yourself down and praying agin me?"

"You worn't. And if you were, I won't be took the liberty with. Here! Your mother's a nice woman, Jerry, going a-praying agin your father's prosperity. You've got a dutiful mother, you have, my son. You've got a relligious mother, you have my boy; going and flooping herself down, and praying that the bread and butter may be snatched out of the mouth of her only child!"

Master Cruncher (who was in his shiri) took this very ill, and, turning to his mother, strongly deprecated any praying away of his personal board.

"And what do you suppose, you concited female," said Mr. Cruncher, with unconscions inconsistency, "that the worth of your prayers may be? Name the price that you put your prayers at."

"They only come from the heart, Jerry. They are werth no more than that."

"Worth no more than that?" repeated Mr. Cruncher. "They ain't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed agin, I tell you. I can't afford it. I'm net a-going to be made unlucky by your sneaking. If you mas go flooping yourself down, ilop in favor of your husband and child, and not in opposition to em. If I had any but a unnat'ral mother, I might have made some money last week, instead of being counterprayed and countermined and being religiously circumwented into the wors of luck. Bu-u-nat me, "said Mr. Cruncher, when you had any but a unnat'ral mother, Len't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed agin, I tell you, 'hare he addressed his wife once more, 'I won't be gone

# Cattle Raising in Texas.

Cattle Raising in Texas.

A stranger coming to Texas would be almost of the opinion that cattle must spring up out of the earth, or be blown over the land by the fieres Northers. Every steamer that leaves for New Orleans carries its deek load of cattle, and half the men to be met on the streets wear the long spurs and carry the cattle whips which indicate the ranchman of the prairie. The raising of cattle seems to be the main staple in this section of the State, whilst many of those engaged in it do not own an aere of land. They brand and mark their cattle, and turn them loose on the unenlosed prairies to multiply and increase. A part of these prairies belongs to private parties, but the majority are the public lands of the State. We heard this morning of one cattle raiser who claims that he will have seventy-five thousand calves to brand this season, who has no enclosed pasture, but turns his cattle loose. He claims to have branded sixty-three thousand last year, and seventy thousand the preceding year. Still, in all this great cow country, it is almost impossible to get a drink of milk, or sufficient for a cup of coffee. At Gaiveston it costs one dollar per gallon. There own raise their own culves, which are allowed to consume all the milk. A calf is never killed before it is a year old.

There is now, however, an effort making to compel all parties to keep their

she county [sil].

At the wive o clock of that chilly November night, the woman and the dog went out of the loune; she fastened that does, and then they went together down and the dog went out of the loune; she fastened that does, and then they went together down as missing the county with the woman and the dog went out of the loune; she fastened that does, and then they went together down as missing the county with the woman and the dog went out of the loune; she fastened that does, and then they went together down as well as the state of the proper will be shown as the state of the proper will be shown as well as the state of the proper will be shown as well as the state of the proper will be shown as well as the state of the proper will be shown as the state of the proper will be shown as the state of the proper will be shown as the state of the proper will be shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as well as the state of the proper will be shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the shown in the shown as the state of the proper will be shown in the shown as the s

Stephen Girard's Will.

In a recent lecture before the Mercantille Library Association of Boston, Dr. Cornell gave the following interesting account of the opening of Stephen Girard's will:

The old man lay dead in his house in Water street. While the public out of doors were curious enough to learn what he had done with his money there was a smaller number within the house, the kindred of the deceased, in whom the curiosity raged like a manis. They invaded the cellars of the house, and, bringing up bottles of the old man's choice wines, kept up a continual carousal. Surrounding Mr. Duane, who had been present at Mr. Girard's death and remained to direct his funeral, they demanded to know if there was a will. To allence their indecent clamor he told them there was and that he was one of the executors. On hearing this their desire to learn its contents rose to a fury. In vain the executors reminded them that decency required that the will should not be opened till after the funeral. They even threatened legal proceedings if the will was not immediately produced, and at length, to avoid a public scandal, the executors consented to have it read. These affectionate relatives being assembled in a parlor of the house in which the body of their benefactor lay, the will was taken from the iron sale by one of the seal he devened to lack over the ton.

when he opened it and was about to read he chanced to look over the top of the document at the company before him. No artist that ever held a brush could depict the passion of curlosity, the frenzy of expectation, expressed in that group of pallid faces. Every individual among them expected to leave the apariment the conscious possessor of milions, for no one had dreamed of his leaving the bulk of his estate to the public. If they had ever heard of his saying that no one should be a gentleman on his money, they had forgotten or disbelieved it. The opening paragraphs of the will all tended to confirm their hopes, since the bequests to existing institutions were of small amount. But the reader soon reached the part of the will which assigned to ladies and gentlemen present such trifling sums as \$5,000, \$10,000, \$20,000; and he arrived ere long at the sections which disposed of millions for the benefit of great cities and poor children. Some of them made not the slightest attempt to conceal their disappointment and disgust. Men were there who had looked to that event as the beginning of their enjoyment of hie.

The imagination of the reader must supply the details of a seene which we might think dishonored human nature, if we could believe human nature was meant to be subjected to such a strain. It had been better, perhaps, if the rich man in his own lifetime, had made his kindred partake of his superabundance, especially as he had nothing else that he could share with them. They attempted, on grounds that seemed uterly frivolous, to break the will, and employed the most eminent counsel to conduct their cause, but without of feet. They did, however, succeed in getting the property acquired after the execution of the will, which Girard, disregarding the opinion of Mr. Duane, attempted to ya postectipt to include in the will, "It will not stand," said the lawyer. "Yes it will," said differant. Mr. Duane, knowing his man, was silent; and the courts have since decided that his opinion was correct.

as man; but with ma dim out a great deal quicker if he advertises.

A stranger coming to Texas would be honest and respectful.

The thing that can make a living in such its phase the men to be met on the street is most observity.

It takes three things to make advertisement, and an economical two and an economical two divertisement, and an economical two and and an economical two advertisement, and an economical two advertisement, and an economical two advertisement, and an economical two advertisements are advertised to the prairie. The raising of cattle seems to be the main staple in this sections of the arrival prints you into communication with them.

Beccher on Preaching.

The minh lecture of the course or the man and the processing the way to make men conscious of their of the prairies belongs to private parties belongs to priva

Items of Laterest.

Pennsylvania has 19,000 publicschool

teachers.

A Milwankee horse has died of a broken heart.

The emigration from Great Britain was greater last year than in any year since 1854.

Galena, Ill., does not see how it can get along without restoring whipping in its public schools.

get along wilnous reasoning mapping in its public schools,

It is said that in the making-up of costumes, three shades of a color will be very fashionable.

A Milwankee dry goods clerk wears a shingle under his shirt front to keep the wrinkles in subjection.

The days of the army blue overcoat are gone. The moths have contracted for all that could not be worn out. Limiment labels are said to circulate freely among the Indians of the Northwest, who take them for greenbacks.

A joweler labeled some diamonds in his window as being as sparkling as the tears of a young widow and more lasting.

A petition is circulating in Stockton, Cal., in favor of introducing the study of the Irish language in the public schools.

schools.

Black skunk skins, which for-merly sold for a shilling, now command one dollar each; such are the freaks of fashion. In Maine several manufactories are now in operation producing cheap sugar and syrup from sawdust, rags and other substances.

Crossete oil and einders have for some time been used as fuel by certain English engineers with the most satisfactory results.

There is a comfort in the strength of love. Twill make a thing endurable, which else would overset the brain or break the heart.

break the heart.

It is estimated that the ovster beds of Virginia cover an area equal to 640, 000 acres, and yield an annual money value of \$10,000,000.

Eli Love, of Wayne county, Ohio, climbed a tree to shakeout a coon. The dogs heard something drop and went for it, but it was not the coon. It was Eli.

Ell.

An Alabama editor named Knox was shot in the shoulder the other day by a husband who wanted his wife's obltuary notice published free and was determined not ta pay a cent.

Two of the edible dogs of China are now on exhibition at the Zoological Gardens in Paris. If it be found easy to acclimatize them, it is proposed to introduce this new article of food.

There are said to be two or three thousand outlaws in the mountains of California, who live by robbery and violence. They are quite secure from arrest in their mountain fastnesses.

In Louisa county, Va., a summons

In Louisa county, Va., a summons was recently issued from the Circuit Court to J. C. Harris, a victim of the Virginius massacre. The sherif's return stated the fact of Harris's crual death.

death.

Hamburg lace and machine embroidery are used exclusively for trimming
white dresses and underdothing, instead of the magic or Coventry ruffling,
so much in vogue for the past eight

A receiver has just been appointed for a Wisconsin bank which has been bankrupt for seven years, the fact hav-ing been concealed by bogus drafts and other devices in making periodical

statements.

In one of George Sand's stories she makes a man say: "In one short hour I suffered death a thousand times over." But what was that to having a young man's paper collar bust on him at an evening party?

The old theory about hearing the murmur of the sea in a shell is said to be a humburg. For, if you will hold a beaver hat, or a goblet, or a pickle bottle, or an cyster can, to your car, you will year the same delicious murmur.

During the year, 1879, 797, cases of

During the year 1872, 797 cases of suicide occurred in Paris—more than died of fever or small-pox. Of these 294 were by hanging, 100 by drowning, 77 shooting, 58 by jumping from some high place, 50 by stabbing, and 41 by volson. poison.

A novel kettledrum was given at a country mansion at Riverside recently, which had charity for one of its objects. The ladies were all attired in calico dresses, which were subsequently sent to one of the societies for distribution to the poor.

In the South American and Australian markets English manufacturers are being jostled by the inevitable Yankee, who, released in a measure from the old fight with England for the control of his own home market, is prepared to renew the confess in other markets.

new the contest in other markets.

Screws of all ordinary sizes are now
made in England by rolling bars of
beated iron between two peculiarly
grooved plates. Two boys with one machine are able to make twenty-nine
hundred pounds of flat botts for railways by this process in nine hours.

old air is in violent motion,—Dr. Von Petten Kofer.

Would Have Order.

A recent scene in the Chancery Court is Clinicinati: Allo for lawyer raising a reverberating racket, the deputy shrelf pounding on his desk with a jackknife, the counsel's voice raising o'er the din in a vain effort to reach the perturbed ear of the urbane chancelor, who looks helplessly and imploringly around. Ruddenly he rises to the gravity of the occasion, raps with his gravel and addresses the deputy sheriff thus country, starting as though he had been shot. "I want you," pursued the chancellor, benignly scrowling over his spectacles, "to try and keep these gentlemen quiet; if yon can't, report them to me, and I'll find them; if yon don't report them to me, and I'll find them; if yon don't report them to me, and Thi find them; if yon don't report them to me, and Thi find them; if yon don't report them to me, and Thi find them; if yon don't report them to me, and Thi find them; if yon don't report them to me, and Thi find them; if yon can't, report them to me, and Thi